MEM AND WOMEN and the WHO MAKE THEM

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

but even so, it towers above most of its contemporaries in the originality of its idea and the brilliancy of its execution.

Mrs. Atherion has done a very wise thing. She has made her novel merely an imagiman, and has presented a picture of him which has all the force of history and all the charm of imaginative literature of the force Hamilton found him. He was pushnort which women knew best how to write, In short, she has brought to the task of reconstructing the character of Hamilton she has shown in the delineation of national and international types, and the result is something rather astonishing.

It is hard to describe this book, or to quote from it effectively. It should be read to be appreciated. With remarkable tact and patience, and unusual insight that matters influences and the springs. into motives, influences, and the springs of circumstance, the author has so grouped the leading incidents in Hamilton's career, and the circumstances surrounding his birth and education, as to braced himself and added impudently. Thought it best not to heard the enemy it this without distorting any of the inci- such a situation. It was contrary to my dents. The first part of the book is given to a detailed history of his mother and father, and is most fascinating in its symmetric part of profamity washingtonian in its grandeur. sympathetic portrayal of two remarkable characters. The successive exerces in ing of the troops. At this moment Hamilton's life are then given with a Hamilton's life are then given with a clearness and graphic force which bring them before the mind of the reader as if they had happened yesterday. In short, this novel makes bistory seem real, in day of Monanouth ever remained in his much the same way that the best biographies do, by bringing to the record or plain facts the imagination insight and plain facts the imagination, insight and humor usually considered to belong to

mently in the narrative, and it may incidentally be remarked that the author gives a very human and lifelike account of him. Hamilton's wife is also pictured ing for death; he had lost all sense of with a vivid truth which cannot fail to separate existence from the shattered impress the reader. The famous Mrs. Croix is one of the most successful creations or portraits in the book, and the statesman's favorite daughter, Angelica. statesman's favorite daughter. Angelica, is pictured with a daring hint that she might have been the reincarnation of his mother. One cannot say that Mrs. Atherton actually postulates this theory, but she plays with it, and it adds a touch of the mystical to an otherwise realistic story. Jefferson is treated in a most unflattering way, and here and in the picture of Aaron Burr we have evident participatedly to contend with Mrs. Ather.

identity can come from England.

"The Conquerer," by Gertrude Atherton, | But the real fineness of the book Hes Is likely to take rank as one of the nota-ble historical nevels of this decade. Cons-mercially its chance is hardly as good as if it had been written before the market was flooded with this kind of literature.

of their dumb ancestors which induces the native biography. Without trying to wrench historical facts into the simili- to exchange his soul for a tail. These tude of a plot, she has put into the form of fletion the salleut characteristics and the main facts of the eareer of a great the main facts of the eareer of a great They ran with their tongues builging out.

ing on to Lee's relief when a country man brought him word of the disgraceful rout. Washington refused to credit the report and spurred forward. Halfway beall the penetration daring, and skill which | tween the meeting-house and the morass he met the head of the first retreating col-umn. He commanded it to halt at once. before the panic could be communicated to the main army; then made for Lee. Lee saw him coming and braced himself for disappeared. It was convulsed with rage "Sir, he thundered, I desire to know what is the reason of this? Whence arises this confusion and disorder?"

'Sir-' stammered Lee, 'sir-' He

"He wheeled and galloped to the rallymain facts the imagination, insight and with cowardice, Washington ignobly described.

Washington of course, figures promises to become the laughingstock of Europeans. rope—the whole vision was so hideous, and the day so hopeless in the light of those cowardly harder that galloped through the rain of British bullets, pray-

But the author's talent of making But the author's talent of making things vividly interesting shines more brightly in describing such things as Cabinet meetings, the ways and means of establishing the Treasury Department, the pres and cons of all the measures incident to the making of the new nation. It is her purpose to bring out clearly the part which Hamilton took in this, and she has certainly been successful. There may be some controversy over the historical accuracy of the book, since the catimates of some of the characters in Mrs. Atherton's book are decidedly different from those accepted in ordinary the estimates of some of the characters in Mrs. Atherton's unbounded admiration for her hero leads her to blacken his opponents in a way that is hardly fair in a history, though in a novel the villain is admitted by a person not deserving of lenisney.

A COLONIAL LOVE STORY.

"The Beau's Comedy," by Beulah Marie Dix and Carrie A. Harter, is a

delightful little romance of the eighteenth century, the hero being a London

man of fashion and the heroine a little New England Puritan. By a series

of quaint happenings the hero is mistaken for a French spy and detained all

winter in the small Massachusetts village of Sunderland, until proofs of his

The amusing contretemps to which this misconception gives rise are many

and varied, and although at the climax the story verges on tragedy, the tone

of light comedy is kept throughout, and the reader cannot take the woes of

the hero even as seriously as he does himself, which is not saying very much.

It is rather like a child's fairy tale translated into grown people's life-this

is intended as a compliment-one of those tales in which the hero, in the dis-

The hero is a captivating individuality, full of wit, grace, and mischievous boy-

ishness, and with enough courage and philosophy in him to win admiration

from others besides his sweetheart. Olive Bliss, daughter of the farmer in

whose household he is detained, is equally charming in her way, and the

transformation from tomboy to beroine is cleverly managed. Not the least

fetching of the minor characters are the Duchess, the hero's crotchety old

aunt, the sturdy Massachusetts farmer, Daniel Bliss, the prim Parson Rand, and the scheming Eugene Walford. Above all, the atmosphere of time and

place is perfectly reproduced. The book is perfect in its way, and that is

SOME PSEUDO-FICTION.

"The Leepard's Spots," by Thomas | whole, as it does in some of the manufac

Dixon, jr., has been heralded as a new turing towns of New England, where ab-

Southern novel, Readers will be surprised, solute political equality prevails, where

quite enough to say of it. (New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)

As for the other elements of the story, they are as satisfactory as the plot.

guise of a plowboy, successfully combats all foes and marries the princess.

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS.

tution," by John W. Burgess, is a scholarly and unbiased discussion of the causes which contributed to the conditions of the era known as that of reconstruction, and of these conditions and their consequences It is the latest volume in the 'American History Series," published by the Scribners. There have been five previous volumes, the fifth of which, dealing with the civil war, is also the work of Mr. Burgess. As dean of the faculty of political science in Columbia University his opportunities for study and research in connection with this era have been large.

A significant paragraph is that at the beginning of the introduction, in which Prof. Burgess expresses what is not only his well-grounded conviction, but the general tendency of American thought in the present day. He says:

"In my preface to 'The Middle Period,' I wrote that the re-establishment of a real national brotherhood between the North and the South could be attained only on the basis of a sincere and genuine acknowledgment by the South that secession was an error as well as a failure. I come now to supplement this contention with the proposition that a corresponding acknowledgment on the part of the North in regard to reconstruction between 1866 and 1878 is equally necessary." There is no question that there is

growing inclination toward the se of precisely this argument, particularly among serious Northern students of political problems. It should not be overlooked, however, that in Prof. Burgess' proposition there are two very large "ifs." The majority of the people of the South have not acknowlelged that secession was an error; neither have the majority of the people of the North admitted that construction was an error, though they may be said to be honestly trying to find out whether it was or not. The question which has not yet been settled, and possibly never will be, in the minds of people who like to discuss unfulfilled possibilities, is this: Given | cupied by the 'States' attempting two sections of the same country. which had grown so far apart as to be practically two separate nations in tradition, custom and feeling, was it possible to settle such a difference as theirs without war, and was it possible, after the war, to avoid irritation, bitterness, and large measures of seeming or real injustice in settling the problems sively to the jurisdiction of the created by the war? The thought- United States Government, a status | keep them on record. The ful reader will find that Prof. Bur- from which they could be relieved | nation expressed by him for the gess seems to answer both these only by the erection of 'States' questions in the affirmative; but he anew upon such territory, an opermay also conclude to leave the ation which could be effected, under whole matter with the Mohamme- the Constitution of the United dan comment, "It was Kismet." In States, only by the co-operation of matters involving the action of mil- Congress with the toyal inhabitants liens of people, tradition, habit of of such territory. thought, education, and economic conditions are factors so strong as and correct constitutional law. It almost to swamp individual reason- could not fail to command the as-

"Reconstruction and the Consti- | right and wrong. This, also, should | Republicans in the House and in be taken into consideration.

Leaving the essential merits of the question out, there can be no doubt that thoughtful people North and South will be benefited by the perusal of this book. It is scholarly in style, dispassionate in spirit, and comprehensive in its grasp of the problems involved. Details are also given with considerable fullness and perfect accuracy. At a time when more or less partisanship and the remains of old and bitter sectional feeling still enter into the discussion of national questions, a cool and unimpassioned consideration of these questions is doubly valuable, and that is precisely what one gets in the work of Prof. Burgess. He expresses con-

victions, not emotions In the first chapter he takes up the theory of reconstruction; he then devotes a chapter to Lincoln's plan and one to Johnson's; the four succeeding chapters are given to the Congressional plan. The execution of the reconstruction acts, the attempt to impeach Johnson, President Grant's connection with reconstruction and carpet-bag domination are then considered, and the closing chapters contain the history of the Haves-Tilden election and of the international relations of the United States from 1867 to

It would be impossible to give ait adequate sketch of the book within the limits of a review, but in the closing pages of one of the chapters on the Congressional plan of reconstruction the nuther points out the course which he thinks the Republican party ought to have followed, and these paragraphs are so concise and comprehensive that they may well be quoted. He says:

"It was Mr. Shellaharger, of Ohio, who did more than anybody else to give the proper-logical interpretation to these feelings [the feelings of the Republicans] and invent the theory of reconstruction on which the Republicans could plant themselves. Briefly stated, that theory was that while secession was a nullity legally from the beginning. and could not take the territory ocit, or the people inhabiting that territory, out of the Union, or from under the rightful jurisdiction of Constitution for one instant, yet it us in the Union, and from a legal point of view left this territory and the inhabitants of it subject exclu-

"This was sound political science ing about abstract or even practical sent of the great majority of the \$1.00.)

the country. This same doctrine was, at the same time, developed in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Fessenden, and Mr. Wilson, and it was easy to see that it had become the theory of the Republican party in Congress long before the final report of the committee on reconstruction promulgated it.

"There is no doubt that the Sum-

ner-Shellabarger theory of reconstruction was correct. The only question was how exacting Congress would be in realizing it. Under such a situation it behooved the President to act with great coution and moderation, and to do nothing to provoke a conflict in which he was certain to be worsted. And it also behooved the people of the South to make no opposition to the bestowal of a large measure of civil liberty upon the freedmen, nor to such an adjustment of the basis of political representation as would not necessitate negro suffrage, and not to insist upon sending to Congress, at the outset, men who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to loyal feeling. How both the President and the persons in authority at the South disregarded these considerations of prudence, and how the position assumed by them upon these subjects drove Congress into more and more radical lines, is the further subject of the next three chapters,"

It will be seen that the author ays much of the blame of the mistakes of reconstruction upon the shoulders of Johnson, and some of the rest of it upon Stevens on one side and the South on the other, He also virtually admits that the violence of feeling for which a of events reaching back through centuries was mainly responsible, so influenced the course of legislation at this time that the reasonable plan of Shellabarger and Sumner falled of acceptance. It may also be noted that Sumner, who has been made the scapegoat for the evils of this era, in common speech and writing, is here exonerated from blame.

To many people the chapter on 'Carpet-Bag' and Negro Domination" will be one of the most interesting in the book. Into it have been crammed a good many facts the United States Government and and much information concerning the history of the Southern States worked the loss of the 'State' stat- during this period. The full record of these years will probably never be written, since, as Prof. Burgess says, it is difficult to get at facts which were earefully concealed at the time by the officials supposed to another wasted the State money in the South is unsparing and unqual-ified, although he picks out here an exception to the general run, and even to the adventurer he is fair when the latter is within his Altogether, the book is a valuable summary of a much-dis-cussed period of our history. (New Charles Scribner's York:

A NEW SOUTHERN NOVEL.

Southern college town, and it is a new real strength behind it, are shown in a sciously give up his connection with the nearer to an absolutely unbiased porern woman, wife of a Northern college melancholy and hopeledsness well up nerprofessor who has come South to hold petually from sources deep under ground; an appointment in a small college. Helen it is like a groan; it frightens me-I am Thurston exasperates the reader first by frightened all the time." her coldness and then by the inconsistency of her actions. She is the sert of woman too complex to be understood of an excitement, something one instinctivemen. Her husband is weak, not in the ly resists. I-can't explain." way he is drawn, but in himself. He is: not an admirable type of Northern man. feeling, at first, in a strange country. It The glimpses which one gets of Helen's is the spirit of the land, a different magfather, through her memory of him, show | netism; It disturbs us-until we learn to more of an individuality than she her- vibrate with it." self is, with all of the author's elaborate descriptions. Dr. Long, the head of the Helen. 'Everything is too alien to menegro mission, is also a fine character your shaggy fields, where the red gashes

The strong point of the book is its acsip, the concell, the small intrigues of a the blossoms blue and pink and white, the provincial town, are treated unsparingly, yet not altogether without sympathy. wild field-hands picking and singing up Race prejudice is pictured precisely as it and down the rows, and the hot air quivlooks to an outsider who has never en- ering over it in the sun." countered it before, and from the point of view of the outsider, not the Southerner or the person long resident in the South; yet the author has evidently lived there cold mountains in the distance and a about. The causes and reasons of this prejudice are also dealt with subtly and one thirsts for it!" prejudice are also dean with Sucre.

And here is the true skillfully, and several negro characters again, as voiced by Trenholm;

"Allens," by Mary Tappan Wright, is a | The author's descriptive faculty, its | 'No matter what we say or what we novel dealing with social life in a small fineness, its delicacy, and the subdued but think, the Southerner can never con-

" This country has an expression of its them recently. Her heroine is the weak- pened to it; it has reached some ultimate est character in the book. She is a North- reality incredibly wild and strange. Its

> " 'Of what are you afraid?' " It is not real fright. It is a-flutter,

"I understand, I always have that

"'But I do not wish to learn!" protested well drawn. If there is complaint that on the earth show through like rusty blood; your mournful trees, your low " You should see that in the summer,

interrupted Trenholm, waving his hand uracy of detail. The pettiness, the gos- toward a plantation at the roadside, with tufts of cotton like Northern snow, the

"I would sacrifice all your flowers, all your cotton, and even your sunshine, for one green Northern field with the blue! long enough to know what she is talking sharp touch of an east wind in the air-

And here is the true Southerner's feeling

is forever cut off from it, that moment

would fill a library! You are a com-munity of citizens, of shopkeepers; we are a community of landowners. This is not feet when I turn homeward, my pouch full of game, and my boots spattered thick with a coating of warm. red, friendly clay. The sky is our own sky, superb above as no other sky on earth the wind. cloudy foliage, wait for me, as they have of my people; and I feel a great peace at the thought of coming to my last refuge in the shadow of their close-set branch-

The upshot of the whole argument seems to be that in spite of all that has been said about harmony, a common pa-triotism and a common tradition of the Republic, the people of the North and South are still divided on certain impor-tant social and political questions, and that the Northerner living in the South. especially in its smaller towns, feels as that way toward the North; it has re-nained for Mrs. Wright to present the other side of the shield and write of Southern life from the stranger's point of view, as many Southerners have pictured the North from the same viewpoint. Yet here and there she hints that this division is largely a matter of misleading traditions. She makes a Southern girl say that while she hates the North she has never met the Northerner that she traditions. dld not like, and this same young girl is unaffectedly charming, as attractive as she could be if she had come from the brain of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page or Mr. Joel Chandler Harris. Take it however you may, the bock is an interesting, original, and thoughtful study of social conditions. (New York; Charles Scribner's

LITERARY NOTES.

A Friend of the Birds and Squirrels. The Harpers publish a nature book entitled "Wild Life of Orchard and Field," by

the well-known naturalist and author, Ernest Ingersoli. The work is a thoroughly revised and much enlarged new edition of Mr. Ingersoll's admirable book "Friends Worth Knowing," in which the author gives a full account of the habits and nature of the timorous little animals that hide themselves in our woods and fleds with such success as to clude all ordinary observers. A number of pictures from new photographs have been added to the new photographs have been added volume. Like most naturalists, Mr. Ingersoll began making his observations when a mere boy, and even at that age spent whole nights in the dark woods, so that he might be on hand early in the morning to discover which birds and squirrels were the first to awake.

The Prince and Chatfield-Taylor.

One of the incidents of Prince Henry's visit to Washington was the formal presentation of the first copy of "The Crimson Wing," by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, The motive for this courtesy lay in the fact motive for this courtesy lay in the fact that the father of Prince Henry, the late Crown Prince Frederick, figures prominently in the novel. The author was received alone and the Prince expressed great interest in the book, and asked many questions about his impressions of the war. The inscription in the presentation copy reads as follows:

"To his Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, with sincere admiration for

of Prussia, with sincere admiration for the life and character of his illustrious father, the Emperor Frederick."

Crockett's New Novel.

This week the Harpers will publish a new novel by S. R. Crockett, entitled "The Dark o' the Moon," a story of love and adventure in Galloway, Scotland. After Mr. Crockett had met success with his "Haiders" he received numerous requests from universe to the first ball in the new ballroom of that day. This week the Harpers will publish a Raiders" he received numerous requests from unknown correspondents to write another story similar to it, in which he could reintroduce the character of Silver He did so, and "The Dark o' the

Americans in England.

Beam Stoker, the author of "Dracula" and Sir Henry Irving's successful manager, has written of Americans as he has known them, in his new novel, "The Mysteries of the Sea." The novel also deals with second sight, buried treasure, and an American girl of great wealth and personal charm, who travels incognition in the west coast of England, Publication is announced by Inoubleday, Page & Co., for the last week of March. the last week of March.

The Mysterious Filipino.

The Filipino is not a pure Malay: he is so heterogeneous as to defy classification. Colquboun in his new book on "The Mastery of the Pacific," says that the prin-cipal elements in the mixture are Spanish cipal elements in the mixture are Spanish and Chinese. The Chinese half-breeds are the most brainy and puzzling members of the population, and form a large proportion of the insurgents. "The Chinese character is so involved," says Mr. Colquhoun, "and so impossible to generalize that it is difficult to suggest the possible modifications it would make in the Malay; but when we remember the strong conservatism of the Chinese, and their intense superstition, we cannot be surprised at the prominence of these two qualities in their Filipino descendants. Some of the traditions current in the Philippines, for instance the idea that mines could not be opened without the applications to the 'veins' of an unguent composed of old women's eyes, and a report, as late as 1839, that children were port, as late as 1830, that children were to be seized, that their blood might water the gold and silver mines of Spain—these are characteristically Chinese."

Charles Major's New Story.

Some famous names are associated with the scene of Charles Major's new novel, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Its neighborhood is one of the most interest-ing in England. Not far from it in Chatsworth, where Walter Scott was often chatsworth, where Walter Scott was often seen, and where Byron met fair Mary Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley. Not far to the south of it is Leehurst, where Florence Nightingale used to live, while to the north of it is the grave of Little John, famous in the Robin Hood legend.

Some of the rooms in Haddon Hall stana exactly as Dorothy herself saw them these hundred years are all sthem.

A New York Novel.

The Scribners are preparing a new novel by T. R. Sullivan, the Boston novelist, who has produced none for several years, en-titled "The Courage of Conviction." It is a story of New York city life, as affected by the craze for money getting

A Substantial Testimonial.

A leader in a well-known industry of the North has recently written to Booker T. Washington, enclosing a check for \$5,000. He says he had just read "Up from Slavery," and for the first time realized the importance of the work at

POEMS BY "DROCH."

"Bramble Brac" is the title of a little book of poems by Robert Bridges, who has long been writing for "Life" under the pseudonym of "Droch." odd title is explained by the information that "brae" is Scotch for a hillside covered with miscellaneous growth, and that the contents of this book are also miscellaneous. Some of the verse is good, and some is less good, but it is all readable. The best of it is that which has a personal touch, as in this poem

Where hath fleeting Beauty led? To the doorway of the dead, All the way you followed her Tripping through the paims and fir; All the way around you flew Spiendid spirits from the blue-Dreams and visions lightly caught in the meetes of your thought. What a glorious retime Made that archeous chase with you! Half the werld stood still to see Song and Fancy follow free At the waying of your wand—

While the cchoing hills respond To your voice.

And now the race Ends with your averted face; At full effort you have sped Through that decreasy of the dead-But the hills and woods remain Peopled from your teeming brain! All that stately company Linger where their eyes may see Beauty fring the laurel o'er, At the clusing of the door!

Another, which was widely copied at the time of publication, was written when Kipling was just recovering from pneumonia, and is as follows: NEWS FROM A MISSING LINER.

Crawling back to port again, half her cargo shifted,
Just enough of fuel left to steam her to the pler;

On a Convaiencent.

All the world believed her lost; man despaired, but wondered.

How the liner could be wrecked and Kipling there to steer!

ing through an icy gale when the fog-Battered by the breakers, but her lights a-burning clear!

Hope almost abundened; days and nights she foundered.
Nights when not a star was out and no sea-lights were near;

New she makes her harbor-lights, glides through seas enchanted... Whistles stricking gayly and thousands at through seas enchanted.

Whistless shricking garly and thousands at the pier;
On the bridge the captain, pule and worn—undanuted! "Welcome back to life again!" Hear the people sheer!

There is also a clever bit of onomatopoetic verse descriptive of the journey of a ferryboat. Mr. Bridges' Muse is essentially of New York. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

THE CHICAGO NEGRO.

"The Black Cat Club," by James D. Cor- | He looks 'po'tant, an' he's alun hol'in' inrothers, is a fantastic creation of a some-what new sort. It is a study which gives de lynchin. An evah time he resolutes what new sort. It is a study which gives de lynemu. An evan time he resoluted more or less the effect of burlesque of the cated shade is a-makin' a reputation outen it in butty soon he'll be wantin' to which gives its title to the story. The which gives its title to the story. The founder is Sandy Jenkins, commonly called "Doe," an Afro-American poet, and among the members are an ex-policeman, a "con man," an ex-minister a roustabout, and two or three toughs. It is the kind of club which "Pink Marsh"

two in plan and style. Most or its discussion of various problems of its discussion of various problems of the race. The author introduces in addition, and noems of varying merit, and noems of varying merit.

There is one chapter, entitled "Good Eatins," which is a masterpiece in its way, and another on "Applying the Chibody Dah." It is really a weird and melodicus little bit of dialect.

bad. Toward the end of the book is this melodicus little piece of philosophy from one of the members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members of the control of the book is this members. The author is himself a negro, but he members of the club:

The author is himself a negro, but he does not waste any compliments when it comes to discussing race questions. This is what Sandy Jenkins has to say about the negro college graduate:

"I don' want to go to Heben. You got to do too much wo'k up dah. Got to pollsh de sun an' de moon an' all de stahs, an' scrub up all dem golden atrocts, an' wash de white folls' stollage.

"Genamuns, de thriftless eddicated cul-lud man whut de colleges am scatterin' promiscuous th'u' ouh lan', as seme lan' po' fahmah tu'ns his cattle out to pick a libbin' foh deyse'ts, whahevah dey kin libbin' foh deyse'is, whahevah dey kin fine it, am de subjec' ob de disco'sement 'at I 'vites yo' 'tention to dis ebenin'. if he were in an alien country. Southern fine it, am de subjec' ob de disco'sement writers have already made the assertion that the people of their section feel in Whilst de college may have tu'ned out Whilst de college may have tu'ned out some useful cultud folks, it hab sent out heaps uv 'em 'at have been mo' no accountah den befo'. De kine o' dahkey, I's taikin' 'bout am de feller whut's done of the "submerged tenth' to being "resome useful cullud folks, it hab sent out beaps uv 'em 'at have been mo' no no talkin' 'bout am de feller whut's done bumped his head up 'ginst some college 'tel he cain't talk nothin' but Greek an' Latin, an' cuss you in Trinogometry. Whut's dat chap good foh?-nothin! nothin' whutsemevah!' And Sandy brought his fist down on the table with a whack that nearly smashed in the

o' him. No genamun would do dat! A genamun is a man!—plomer er no 'plom-er! I ain' got no use ter dem 'plomers! "You kin allus tell dat feller when you

cated shade is a-makin' a reputation outen it, nn' putty seen he'll be wantin' to
run fo' Congress, and boss his white impleyah. Dat feller is a fool, an' ef
'twasn't foh him de cullud race 'ud hab
mo' peace ob mine. It don't do no good
foh to 'buse de Southern white folks; an'
to tell 'em whut God's goin' to do to 'em ef dey don't stop lynchin' de niggahs.
Dat only makes 'em mad. De thaing foh
o do is to be a genamun an 'git yo' pockets full o' check beeks, fus' mo'gages an'

Toward the end of the book is this

had place all you get to do is hustle up

claimed.

Monologue artists who want plantation dialect to recite will find this little book a treasure, and some of the speeches which are not particularly effective in print would be capital entertainment if given with the proper intenations and exa whack that hearry smashed in the grown of his plug hat!

"Dey's many a graddiate," continued done a very elever piece of work. Mendon a very elever piece of work. Mendon trunk an' lets his maminy take keer by I K Bryans, which are equally bright. They consist majoly of silheusite black cats of every conceivable shape and posture, sprinkled through the book in the "You kin allus tell dat feller when you shape of marginal skeiches sees 'im. He's dressed lak a genamun! Funk & Wagnalis. \$1.}

He omits one very natural addition ally, and which was to be found in both of which is, to put it plainly, bosh. Mrs. Stowe's and Tourgee's books-the insertion of signed affidavits to support all

though not very much conventional novel.

in the work of Mrs. Stowe, and in Mr.

figures representing supposititious types.

He makes his alleged Southern gentle-

pamphlet of the Red Shirt order.

his accusations. The main point in his book, which is remeans, necessarily, intermarriage. This, again, is a fallacy. There is no power on earth that can make social equals out of people who are not equal. The political experience of the North proves this. In

and may be disappointed, to discover that the children are educated in the same It is nothing of the kind. It is a political schools, there is practically no intermarriage, especially where difference of re-The object of the writer is so plainly ligion or of occupation keeps the people shown that it is hardly necessary to treat from having like associations. It is huthe book as a work of fiction at all, and I man nature to mix with one's equals, and indeed, if it were not for the political not with these who will misunderstand and condemn. The educated negro is coloring, it would hardly be worth noticing, for the character-drawing is of small above all clannish. Mr. Dixon himself value, and the plot of less. The author admits in one place that with the education of the Southern negro the separation has seen fit to introduce into the story the alleged figure of Simon Legree, and of the races has become more and more complete. He says on one page that the also that of a son of George Harris, apnegro, however educated, can never be the parently because he wanted his book to e considered an answer to "Uncle Tom's white man's equal, and on another page Cabin." There is no comparison between declares that with political equality he the two stories, for the very good reason must be the white man's equal. He says that there is considerable human nature. In one place that there is a natural barrier between the races, and then avers that all kinds of social and moral bar-Dixon's there is nothing but a lot of lay riers will not keep them apart if the negro is allowed to vote. It is just as well to make an argument that will hang to gether, even if one is in earnest.

men quarrel like jackals and use the language of Billingsgate fishwives-and Along with his Red Shirt ideas. Mr. one of them is a preacher. This is his Dixon seems to have soaked in some anway of proving the superiority of the archy, for he uses in one place a lot of inflammatory literature about the enslavement of the Northern workingmen and which might strengthen his book materi- the degradation of working women, most

The long and short of it is that Mr. Dixon's mind is of that type which is unable to see anything in the abstract, and yet is forever trying to. He is intensely fterated again and again, is that political personal, and sees all conditions in the equality means social equality, which light of his own violent feeling. If the South were in the hands of his sort of south were in the names of his sort of man, there would be small reason to be-lieve it peopled by the cool, calm, long-headed Anglo-Saxon race. The advances which it has made prove that there are experience of the North proves this. In some other types of men to be found there besides his. (New York: Double-prises one-half or even two-thirds of the day, Page, & Co. \$1.50.)

sort of novel in that line. If the author little dialogue between the heroine and South, it holds him when he is in it, it had as much skill in the construction of one of the natives of Tallawara, who has drags him back when he is away; and a plot as she has in the delipeation of lived elsewhere long enough partly to ap- when he is forced to acknowledge that he types and the reproduction of local at- preciate her attitude and feelings: mosphere, she would be easily the first | "A thin silvery halo gathered about the among those who have occupied this field. sun bringing that sad suggestion of au- erners have no comprehension of it. This is not saying that her work, as it tumn which seems to dwell forever in the stands, is altogether good, for the weak winters of the South. Helen leaned back ness, or absence, of a plot, hinders it and watched the landscape that spread from making the impression it ought to before them in a succession of tumbling make. But there is nothing hackneyed hillocks, rough as if some gigantic sleeper about the book, and the point of view is had tossed through ages of unrest below an original one. Mrs. Wright has come the tangled, brindled grass.

the author has not made her Southern people attractive, at least she has treated her Northern people very little better.

is one almost of madness. You North-

The things that I have been assured that we Northerners have no co sion of would fill a book,' remarked Helen, parenthetically,
"A complete list," retorted Trenholm,

merely my country; it is my land-that is nearer to an absolutely unbiased portrayal of the people with whom she deals own, she said, dreamily. I have seen the fathers, good to hunt over, in the winter, than anybody else who has written of same in faces; something final has hapblows soft as from some kinder heaven, and the trees up there in the cemetery at the edge of the village, with their misty. waited in dusky leveliness for generations